

A WOMAN'S ORDEAL

DREADS DOCTOR'S QUESTIONS

Thousands Write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and Receive Valuable Advice Absolutely Confidential and Free

There can be no more terrible ordeal to a delicate, sensitive, refined woman than to be obliged to answer certain questions in regard to her private life, even when those questions are asked by her family physician, and many



continue to suffer rather than submit to examinations which so many physicians propose in order to intelligently treat the disease; and this is the reason why so many physicians fail to cure female diseases.

This is also the reason why thousands upon thousands of women are corresponding with Mrs. Pinkham, daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. To her they can confide every detail of their illness, and from her great knowledge, obtained from years of experience in treating female ills, Mrs. Pinkham can advise sick women more wisely than the local physician.

Read how Mrs. Pinkham helped Mrs. T. C. Willadsen, of Manning, Ia. She writes: Dear Mrs. Pinkham:

"I can truly say that you have saved my life, and I cannot express my gratitude in words. Before I wrote to you telling you how I felt, I had doctored for over two years, and spent lots of money in medicines besides, but it all failed to do me any good. I had female trouble and would daily have fainting spells, backache, bearing-down pains, and my monthly periods were very irregular and finally ceased. I wrote to you for your advice and received a letter full of instructions just what to do, and also commenced to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I have been restored to perfect health. Had it not been for you I would have been in my grave to-day."

Mountains of proof establish the fact that no medicine in the world equals Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for restoring women's health.

Helping Him.

Jack Timmid—Congratulate me! May have accepted—

Cousin Kate—Of course. I told you I'd help you after she refused you the last time.

Jack Timmid—Oh, did you put in a good word for me?

Cousin Kate—Several. I intimated to May that I was after you myself. —Philadelphia Press.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WALDEN, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A Good Check.

As he took off his coat his wife said to him gently:

"You remember those eight letters I gave you to post three days ago?"

He started.

"Yes, I—I remember."

"But you didn't remember to mail them, did you?" she said sweetly.

"No, I didn't. How did you find it out?"

"Among them," she explained, "was a postal card addressed to myself. Since it didn't reach me, I knew you hadn't posted my mail. I shall always use this scheme in future. It only costs a cent, and it makes an excellent check on you. Now give me my letters, and I'll post them myself."

NO MAN IS STRONGER THAN HIS STOMACH.

Let the greatest athlete have dyspepsia and his muscles would soon fail. Physical strength is derived from food. If a man has indigestion, food loses strength. If he has no food he dies. Food is converted into nutrition through the stomach and bowels. It depends on the strength of the stomach to what extent food is assimilated and assimilated. People can die of starvation who have abundant food to eat, when the stomach and its associate organs of digestion and nutrition do not perform their duty. Thus the stomach is really the vital organ of the body. If the stomach is "weak" the body will be weak also, because it is upon the stomach the body relies for its strength. And as the body, considered as a whole, is made up of its several members and organs, so the weakness of the body as a consequence of "weak" stomach will be distributed among the organs which compose the body. If the body is weak because it is nourished that physical weakness will be found in all the organs—heart, liver, kidneys, etc. The liver will be torpid and inactive, giving rise to biliousness, loss of appetite, weak nerves, feeble or irregular action of heart, palpitation, dizziness, headache, backache and kindred disturbances and weaknesses.

Mr. Louis Para, of Quebec, writes: "For years after my health began to fail, my head grew dizzy, eyes pained, and my stomach was sore all the time, while everything I would eat would seem to be heavy like lead on my stomach. The doctors claimed that it was sympathetic trouble due to dyspepsia, and prescribed for me, and although I took their powders regularly yet I felt no better. My wife advised me to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery—and stop taking the doctor's medicine. She bought me a bottle and we soon found that I began to improve, so I kept up the treatment until I took on flesh, my stomach became normal, the digestive organs worked perfectly and I soon began to look like a different person. I can never cease to be grateful for what your medicine has done for me and I certainly give it highest praise."

Don't be misled by a penny-grabbing dealer into taking inferior substitutes for Dr. Pierce's medicines, recommended to be "just as good."

To gain knowledge of your own body—in sickness and health—send for the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser. A book of 1008 pages. Send 21 one-cent stamps for paper-covered, or 31 stamps for cloth-bound copy. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

"PAPA, WHAT WOULD YOU TAKE FOR ME?"

She was ready to sleep and she lay on my arm, In her little frilled cap so fine, With her golden hair falling out at the edge, Like a circle of noon sunshine, And I humm'd the old tune of "Banbury Cross," And "Three Men Who Put Out to Sea," When she sleepily said, as she closed her blue eyes: "Papa, what would you take for me?"

And I answered, "A dollar, dear little heart," And she slept, baby weary with play, But I held her warm in my love-strong arms, And I rocked her and rocked away. Oh, the dollar meant all the world to me, The land and the sea and the sky, The lowest depth of the lowest place, The highest of all that's high!

All the cities, with streets and palaces, With their people and stores of art, I would not take for one low, soft throb Of my little one's loving heart; Nor all the gold that was ever found, In the busy wealth-finding past, Would I take for one smile of my darling's face, Did I know it must be the last.

So I rocked my baby and rocked away, And I felt such a sweet content, For the words of the song expressed more to me, Than they ever before had meant. And the night crept on, and I slept and dreamed, Of things far too gladsome to be, And I waken'd with lips saying close in my ear, "Papa, what would you take for me?"

—Eugene Field.



ANY post for Conynghame? D. Conynghame?

The trim little woman inside the general delivery window of the Alverta postoffice looked furtively over her shoulder as she reached for a packet of letters. The man at the window, a tall, blonde, curly-haired young Englishman, eagerly watched her swift glances as she dealt away the letters, sighed as she smiled at him with "Nothing to-day, Mr. Conynghame," and stalked away. The prim clerk's big eyes followed him out of the door and lingered admiringly for an instant upon the ingenuous face as he stood in the blazing sunlight lighting his pipe. He was dressed in a weather-stained suit of corduroy knickerbockers, with a gray flannel shirt and a queer little cap that but half concealed the tangle of yellow hair on his fine head. Quite apart from the ordinary type of boomers, with so odd a name, and so striking a physique, it is not extraordinary that the prim Miss Fasset, the postmaster's daughter and chief clerk, "took notice" of Conynghame.

Twice a day thereafter, at 10 in the morning and at 6 in the evening, he

until I reach town. Besides, I get a bit lonesome, and I'm always hoping that some time I'll get a letter."

He was looking out into the fading light as he said this, and Miss Fasset thought she saw a glint of moisture in his blue eyes. But there was no letter.

Then day after day as she watched him she saw that his clothes were threadbare and soiled; that his face was thin and pale; that his big, nervous hands trembled, and that the light in his eyes was growing brighter, more restless and fierce.

"Letter for you?" she laughed gayly one cold evening when the first norther of coming winter was blowing down the dusty street. He took it nervously, almost rudely, and almost staggered across to the coal-oil lamp that flickered dimly in the corner. She watched him open it and examine its contents. He paused a moment and looked about to see if he was alone. Then he took a pin from his lapel, put the contents into an envelope, pinned and wrote something outside with a lead pencil. Miss Fasset was just closing the window when he came up, looking ghastly pale, thrust the letter back at her and said:

"That's not for me, Miss." He had written "Opened by mistake" across it, but as she looked at him she smiled reassuringly and answered: "It must be for you, sir. There's nobody else of that name." Together they looked at the postmark, but the date and place of mailing were blurred and unreadable. It was addressed plainly to "Mr. Conynghame, Alverta, O. T.," in type-writing.

"It must be yours," she decided.

"O, but it isn't. Besides, there's money in it. I—"

"How much?"

"Ten dollars."

"Oh, then, that settles it! If it isn't yours the real owner will come along looking for his money. Then I'll call on you."

He would have protested, but she slammed the window shutter with a merry laugh and left him alone with the letter in his hand. He was in the street before he reopened the envelope and drew out a crisp, new \$10 note. There wasn't a word with it, not even a scrap of letter paper. He crumpled the money in his shaking hand, hurried down the street and rushed into the English kitchen to buy the first square meal he had eaten for months.

"I know it wasn't mine," he growled to himself as he turned up his collar and faced the driving storm of sleet and rain. "But I've got \$9 left, and if the other Conynghame asks for his letter I'll return what's left of it." And he staggered out across the prairie toward the lonely dug-out that he called "home."

When closing time came next day little Miss Fasset was annoyed. The big Englishman for the first time in months had failed to appear. Whether she now regretted trusting him with what might prove another's letter and money, or whether she suspected that he had gone off on what Westerners call "a high lonesome," is not certain, but whatever the cause, she was worried and showed it in the frown upon her pretty forehead and the flash of her big, black eyes. But Conynghame came not the next day, nor the next, nor any day thereafter for a week, and Miss Prim, sure at last that he had "jumped the country," was doing her very best to despise or forget him when there came a letter postmarked Liverpool and addressed "Dudley Conynghame, Esq., Alverta, Oklahoma Territory, U. S. A."

At least there could be no mistake, about that letter, and it got so strongly upon Miss Fasset's nerves that she was obliged to quit her duties before long.

"I've got a nervous headache," she explained to her indulgent papa, "and I'm going to take a long drive in the country."

Another sign of old age is when you can see more ants and chiggers than woods and sunshine in a picnic.

So she bade Martha, the old negro housekeeper, to hitch up Dobbins, and set forth for her drive. It was nearly 4 o'clock when she found Conynghame's claim. Unfenced, untilled, glaring red in the cold sunlight, it stretched across a desolate hill and sloped away into a barren, waterless valley. Not a house nor barn, no sign of occupancy gave them welcome. They had climbed the little knoll of shale and were about to drive away when Martha's black finger was raised, and she said:

"Yander is a dug-out, honey." And they drove across the crest of the red hill and found indeed a low warren burrowed in the ground, its roof of clay looking like a mere anthill. Martha descended from the buggy and lumbered down the four steps cut into the earth. Having battered at the door without getting a response, she pushed it open and entered. In a moment she came up again, her black face almost gray as she said:

"He's tha' honey, but fo' Gawd, he mus' be dyin'."

Miss Fasset found her Englishman asleep, the faded shadow of his once splendid self. By the light of the open door she saw what "castle building" had been with Conynghame. He lay upon a heap of dry grasses in the corner. A few soap boxes constituted his furnishings. He had made some clumsy effort to brighten his cave-like home by papering its clay walls with newspapers, but the rains had leaked in and streaked all with damp, yellow stains.

"He's waking up, honey," whispered Martha. "Ah mout skeer him, so Ah'll jes' go an' look arter Dobblin'."

The girl was sitting in the litter of grass beside him holding his bony hand, when his big eyes opened and fell upon her.

"I've brought you a letter, dear," she whispered, and as he drew her down to him her tears fell hot and fast upon his face as he sighed, "At last." She pulled the letter from her pocket then and held it to him, but he weakly smiled as he bade her open it and read to him. She put a pile of empty sacks behind his head and propped him up so that she could see his face, and then she read the letter—not aloud as she had intended—but to herself, for it was the news of his father's death, a brief, business-like document from a legal executor.

But finally she told him, gently, gradually, tenderly, and when the first long storm of his grief was gone and he understood that his father had been ill for six months, had received none of his letters and had died alone at Carlisle, the wasted giant looked up at the girl beside him, and with a wan smile said:

"Now we know why I didn't get any letters."

"Yes, it's plain enough now."

"But I did get one letter," he whispered, taking both her hands in his and smiling again, "and there's at least some comfort for me to know that now I can repay you."—Elmira Telegram.

Not on Exhibition.

Miss Julia Marlowe is so unusually gracious in yielding to the many demands that are made upon her time and patience, in the way of autographs, photographs, interviews, and the like, that there is small wonder she is not more frequently imposed upon than she is. Occasionally, however, there come remarkable requests at which even her good nature draws the line.

Not long ago, while she was playing in Chicago, she received a note containing a plea so startling as to be almost incredible, and which was so amusing as to send her into gales of laughter. It was from a feminine vocal teacher of the Windy City who stated that she laid great stress on her work, upon the formation of the throat in both the speaking and the singing voice, holding that certain positions of the vocal cords are requisite for producing full, mellow tones. She went on to say that she had long been an ardent admirer of Miss Marlowe's voice, and requested that, as a special privilege, she be allowed to bring her class of young lady pupils to visit the actress, and let them look down her throat!—Success Magazine.

Settlement Worker—What a well-behaved little boy he is!

The Bowler's Wife—And he comes by it natural, mum; his poor father never failed to have a sentence reduced owing to good behavior.—Puck.

Queerness of Man. Man is a queer and strange device, No woman e'er denies it; He grows all winter at the ice And in the summer buys it.

Alaska's Future. I have no doubt in the years to come, in the years of my grandchildren perhaps, even Alaska will come here asking for admission into the Union, said Senator Nelson of Minnesota, in a recent speech. The coast line, the Aleutian archipelago, and the archipelago along the British boundary, and the south shore, "southern Alaska," as it is called, will no doubt some day come knocking at the doors of Congress for admission as a State, then the great interior of that country, the great Yukon and Tanana and Koyukuk valleys, will come to Congress and ask for admission as a State, and by and by the great Peninsula, with its 30,000 square miles, with its endless amount of gold-bearing creeks and the country beyond that will be knocking at the doors of Congress.

Pay Bills in Eggs. Eggs are current coin in Mayo, Kerry, Donegal, and Leitrim, in Ireland. They are everywhere received over the counter in payment for tea, sugar, meal, oil, bread, tobacco, patent medicines, and general haberdashery. Accounts are kept open and goods supplied on credit in eggs.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. A Certain Cure for Feverishness, Constipation, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, and Destroy Worms. They Break up Colds in 24 hours. All Druggists and Grocers. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Mrs. M. Gray, New York City. A. S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

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Sale Ten Million Boxes a Year. THE FAMILY'S FAVORITE MEDICINE. Cascarets CANNY CATHARTIC. THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP. BEST FOR THE BOWELS.

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A Deadening Habit.

A fault-finding, criticizing habit is fatal to all excellence. Nothing will strangle growth quicker than a tendency to hunt for flaws, to rejoice in the unlovely, like a bog which always has his nose in the mud and rarely looks up. The direction in which we look indicates the life aim, and people who are always looking for something to criticize, for the crooked and the ugly, who are always suspicious, who invariably look at the worst side of others, are but giving the world a picture of themselves.

This disposition to see the worst instead of the best grows on one very rapidly, until it ultimately strangles all that is beautiful and crushes out all that is good in himself. No matter how many times your confidence has been betrayed, do not allow yourself to sour, do not lose your faith in people. The bad are the exceptions; most people are honest and true and mean to do what is right.—O. S. Marden in Success Magazine.

Somewhat Different. "I suppose that old chap with the long white whiskers over there is one of your old settlers, isn't he?" said the grocery drummer.

"I reckon he's what yew might call a old resident," rejoined the village merchant, "but he ain't no old settler. He's been a-owin' me for nigh onto thirty years."

IN CONSTANT AGONY. A West Virginian's Awful Distress Through Kidney Troubles. W. L. Jackson, merchant, of Parkersburg, W. Va., says: "Driving about in bad weather brought kidney troubles on me, and I suffered twenty years with sharp, cramping pains in the back and urinary disorders. I often had to get up a dozen times at night to urinate. Retention set in, and I was obliged to use the catheter. I took to my bed, and the doctors failing to help, began using Doan's Kidney Pills. The urine soon came freely again, and the pain gradually disappeared. I have been cured eight years, and though over 70, am as active as a boy."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

A Mere Quack. Johnson—You don't mean to say you have engaged Dr. Quack for your sick daughter? Hobson—Why, yes. Johnson—Great snakes! Why, man alive, I wouldn't let that fellow doctor my mother-in-law.

TORTURED WITH ECZEMA. Tremendous Itching Over Whole Body—Scatched Until Bled—Wonderful Cure by Cuticura.

"Last year I suffered with a tremendous itching on my back, which grew worse and worse, until it spread over the whole body, and only my face and hands were free. For four months or so I suffered torments, and I had to scratch, scratch, scratch, until I bled. At night when I went to bed things got worse, and I had at times to get up and scratch my body all over, until I was as sore as could be, and until I suffered excruciating pains. They told me that I was suffering from eczema. Then I made up my mind that I would use the Cuticura Remedies. I used them according to instructions, and very soon indeed I was greatly relieved. I continued until well, and now I am ready to recommend the Cuticura Remedies to any one. Mrs. Mary Metzger, Sweetwater, Okla., June 28, 1905."

Inherited. Settlement Worker—What a well-behaved little boy he is!

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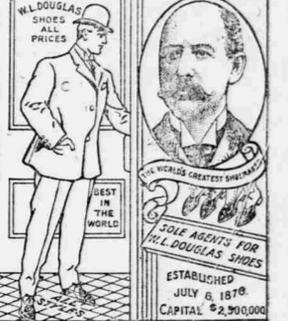
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Fish that Change Color.

Among the curious observations made by students at the Bermuda Biological Station is that some of the inhabitants of the water there are able to imitate the color of the rocks and reefs among which they swim. The common fish called the grouper possess this power. Its dramatic variability runs through a considerable range of colors. A specimen of the octopus vulgaris, after jerking an ear from the hand of an inquisitive naturalist, escaped pursuit by its ability to imitate the exact shade of any brown or gray rock on which it rested.



W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.50 & \$3.00 SHOES FOR MEN. W. L. Douglas \$4.00 Gilt Edge Line cannot be equaled at any price.



W. L. DOUGLAS MAKES & SELLS MORE MEN'S \$3.50 SHOES THAN ANY OTHER MANUFACTURER IN THE WORLD. \$10,000 REWARD to anyone who can improve this statement.

If I could take you into my three large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you the infinite care with which every pair of shoes is made, you would realize why W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes cost more to make, why they hold their shape so better, wear longer, and are of greater intrinsic value than any other \$3.50 shoe.

W. L. Douglas Street Made Shoes for Men, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$5.50, \$6.00, \$6.50, \$7.00, \$7.50, \$8.00, \$8.50, \$9.00, \$9.50, \$10.00. CAUTION—Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes. Take no substitutes. Name genuine without his name and price stamped on bottom. Foot Color Eyelets used; they will not wear brass. Write for Illustrated Catalog. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

SICK HEADACHE. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. Refuse Substitutes.

YOU CANNOT CURE all inflamed, ulcerated and catarrhal conditions of the mucous membrane such as nasal catarrh, aching catarrh caused by feminine ills, sore throat, sore mouth or inflamed eyes by simply dosing the stomach. But you surely can cure these stubborn affections by local treatment with Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic which destroys the disease germs, checks discharges, stops pain, and heals the inflammation and soreness. Paxtine represents the most successful local treatment for feminine ills ever produced. Thousands of women testify to this fact. 50 cents at druggists.

Send for Free Trial Box THE R. PAXTON CO., Boston, Mass. S. C. N. U. - No. 22-1906.

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